

MOLLIE ATKINS
With apologies to the Author of "Tommy"
By Ellis Meredith.

I went into the parliament and asked 'em for a vote;
One Bobby grabbed me by the arm, another by the throat.
Some of the members was much shocked, some laughed like they would die.
I outs into the streets again, and to myself sez I,

Oh, it's Mollie this, an' Mollie that, an' Mol' go 'ome an' stay,
But it's Mollie Atkins at the bat, when Tommy goes away.
When the band begins to play, my boys, and Tommy goes away,
It's "Mary face the music!" when the band begins to play.

I stood a-talkin' suffrage, just as sober as could be;
They let a drunken toff go by, but they arrested me.

They took me to the prison, and fed me with a pump,

But when Tommy goes a-fightin', then it's Mollie has to jump.

And it's Mollie this, and Mollie that, an' "Come an' be a bride."

For Atkins must be married when the troop-ship's on the tide;

"Oh, come and marry Atkins, Nature's call can't be denied,

An' we hope you an' 'is baby won't starve when Tommy's died! "

This makin' mock of women-folks that guard you when you sleep

Is cheaper than the wage we get, an' that's starvation cheap.

To the mother that has bore you an' the wife that's loved you true,

Your sister and your daughter, - it's a rummy thing to do.

Oh, it's Mollie mind the baby, an' don't go near the poll,

But it's "Mary, be a 'ero!" when the drums begin to roll.

When the drums begin to roll, my boys, a-crushin' 'eart an' soul,

It's Mary, be a 'ero!" when the drums begin to roll!

We don't care to be no 'eroes, nor to give up all we love

To lie and rot in trenches while death screeches up above;

And if sometimes our conduct s'int been all your fancy paints,

Why, beatin' us an' jailin' us won't make us household saints.

Oh, it's Mollie this an' Mollie that, 'an Mollie stand be'ind,

But it's "Mary, please take Tommy's place," when trouble's in the wind

Don't talk about your high regard, an' chivalry an' such;

If you'll only give us justice we won't miss the others much.

Oh, chuck the sentimental, an' put ballots in our hand

If you're wantin' us to 'elp you for to save our native land.

For it's Mollie this and Mollie that, an' Mollie keep you mute,

But it's "Mary, save our country!" when the guns begin to shoot.

But don't you never think it, but Mollie's takin' note,

An' when she's got her country saved - then Mary's goin' to vote!